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Autumn Leaves

and

Other Poems

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and
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by

MARY GRAY WINSHIP

FLATBUSH
1909

P5429
I48A2
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To E. L. D.

Autumn Leaves.

SAILING swiftly through the air,
Fairy barques of red and brown,
Slender stems the helmsmen are,
Guiding, guiding safely down.

Down to deck the frosty earth,
With a robe of brilliant hue.
Where the dancing sunlight fall,
Like a gold thread woven through.

Floating dancing on the wind,
As a gust goes sweeping by;
Seeking some new resting place,
There contentedly to lie.

Stately trees wait gaunt and bare,
For the last few leaves to go,
Gently, gently shake them down,
Autumn's bronze and red-gold snow.

Night.

SLOWLY the daylight is fading
out of the sky,
Swiftly with silent approaching,
night draweth nigh.
Out of the Heavens there shineth
brightly each star—
Gems in an opaline curtain,
twinkling afar.
Over the slumbering valley
creepeth a mist,
Silver the tree-tops are gleaming,
by moonbeams kissed.
Deep in the quiet now brooding
o'er vale and stream.
Power lies enfolded in silence,
night reigns supreme.

Silent Messages.

SILENTLY, swiftly the snow-flakes were falling
Falling on field and hill,
Steadily, noiselessly floating and drifting,
Every nook to fill.

Hushed were the winds, even each gentle zephyr,
Slept in its hiding place,
Softly and gently the snow-flakes were falling
Over the cold world's face.

Silently up on the brow of the mountain,
In the deep gorge below,
Out on the plain by the smooth-flowing river,
Silently falling snow.

Slowly and silently over the landscape—
Stealeth the twilight gray;
Quietly settles the darkness and deepens,
After the fading day.

Black was the scene in the gloom of the midnight,
Never a friendly ray,
Strayed from light of some home on the hillside,
Over the snowy way.

* * * * * *

Silently over the Heavens there spreadeth,
Bright rosy tints of dawn,
Harbingers of the first glad Christmas morning,
The day when Christ was born.

Silently down through the ages with Christmas,
Cometh the Christ-Child's love;
Message of Peace—Salutation and Blessing,
Decending like a dove.

A Picture.

PAINT me a picture, oh artist true,
Of an azure sky, and a sea of blue,
A deepening haze on the distant land,
A golden light on the strip of sand.
The flash of sails from the fisher boat,
As they turn with the breeze and idly float
A gleam of blue and scarlet flame,
And the calm reflection, just the same.
The rosy shadows that come and go,
As the blazing sun sinks round and low.
The settling down of the purple pall,
Be-gemmed with stars, that cover all,
And the silver crescent in the West,
Hanging bright and shining o'er the rest!

Contentment.

I WOULD not ask for greater joy,
Dear Jesus, than is mine,
To feel Thee near me in my life,
Well knowing I am Thine.

I would not ask for any more,
My Savior day by day,
Than that Thou wilt with loving care
Watch o'er me lest I stray.

I only ask, when sorrow's night,
In darkness o'er me roll,
The sunshine of Thy love may shed,
Its brightness in my soul.

And when for me, life's setting sun
Makes dark my path—and drear,
Above the shadows of this earth,
May Thy blest Form appear.

My Mother's Fan.

I LOVE to smell my mother's fan,
It smells so good;
'Tis made of silk, with spangles on,
And sandal wood.

She keeps it in the bureau drawer,
Away from me.
But I climb up and smell of it
Quite frequently.

And then, before the looking glass—
I make it shine,
And when it sparkles—
How I wish that fan was mine.

Maybe some day—when I shall be
a big girl grown,
My mother will give me that fan—
To be my own.

The Visions of the Shepherds.

OUT onthe plain, on Bethlehem's plain—
Under the silent sky,
Shepherds were tenderly guarding their flocks,
Guarding with watchful eye.

Far in the East, where the Orient sun,
shines with a mellow light,
And the roseate hue of the lingering day,
Tinges the purpling of night.

Quietness brooded, and reigned over all,—
Nights sable hung low,
Over fair Galilee—o'er Bethlehem—
Bright with prophetic halo.

Suddenly! Lo! in the Heavens appeared,
An Angel shining fair.
The wondering shepherds in awe beheld;
His voice rang on the air—

"Fear not! For behold unto you is born,
In the city of Bethlehem,
A Saviour of Peace and forgiving Love,
Promised of God to men.

And with the Angel—at once there came,
A white-robed Heavenly throng,
Filling the place with a wonderful light,
And the midnight air with song.

Straightway the Shepherds arose and came—
And found in a lonely bed,
The infant Saviour—the King of Kings,
As the welcome vision said—

Ye nations! Bow low at the manger throne,
Where the Christ-child, once held sway,
Ye Bells! Ring out loudly the glad refrain—
Jesus Christ is born to-day.

Easter Dawn.

ERE the first bright ray of sunshine
Pierced the gloom of that dark night,
Or the coming of Aurora,
Bathed the world in rosy light;
When from out the trees and woodlands,
Came no matin to His praise—
Floating out upon the stillness,
Such as feathered songsters raise—
Christ arose.

While the dew unseen was clinging,
To the petal of each flower,
And the stars were vigil keeping,
Never weary hour by hour;
When the very air seemed heavy,
With the scent of blossoms sweet,
Breathing out a subtle fragrance,
As an offering at His feet—
Christ arose.

When the world was wrapped in slumber,
In response to His command,
Save a few, who loved Him, truly,
Now an anxious waiting band.
Ere the two came with sweet spices,
Very early at the dawn,
To anoint the blessed body
Of their Lord, who now was gone—
Christ arose

He arose—and lives forever
In that bright world far away,
Where the streets and walls are golden,
And the night is changed to day,
Where He shines—a brighter jewel,
Than the diadem of Love,
Which the ransomed ones are wearing,
As they walk with Him above.

Contrition.

WHEN the curtain of night falls around me,
And the work of the day is all done,
And my sins in a weary procession,
To memory come—one—by one.—

I kneel at the casement, wide open,
And lifting my eyes to the sky,
I pour out my soul to my Saviour,
And wait till He surely draws nigh.

Till over my spirit there stealeth,
A calm that is holy and sweet.
As kneeling in lowly contrition,
I lay all my sins at His feet.

If out of my life should be taken,
The season I love best of all,
'Twould be this blest hour with my Saviour,
That comes when the night shadows fall.

Reflection.

'TIS the calm and placid water,
Where the ships at anchor lie,
Which reflects each mast and folded sail,
And rainbow tinted sky.

So the soul which rests on Jesus,
Till He calmeth every strife,
Shall find his image mirrored,
In the heart and in the life.

A Cricket Dirge.

I'D hate to be a cricket,
The last one of the year,
And have to live and sing all day,
Alone, 'mid grasses sere.

I'd be as cheerful as I could,
But ever wonder, why
It was for me to still remain,
And my companions die.

And memory would turn I know,
Back to the summer long,
When myriad crickets, just like me,
Had helped to swell the song.

When, ever at the twilight hour,
Beneath the silver moon,
The cricket orchestra would play,
Vibrating all in tune.

But now, chirp, chirp, the days—
chirp, chirp,
And nights are cold and drear,
And so, chirp, chirp, I know
chirp, chirp,
Jack Frost will soon be here.

So, when I hear his silvery step,
Come creeping o'er the field,
I'll chirp no more, for at his touch,
The cricket's voice is sealed.

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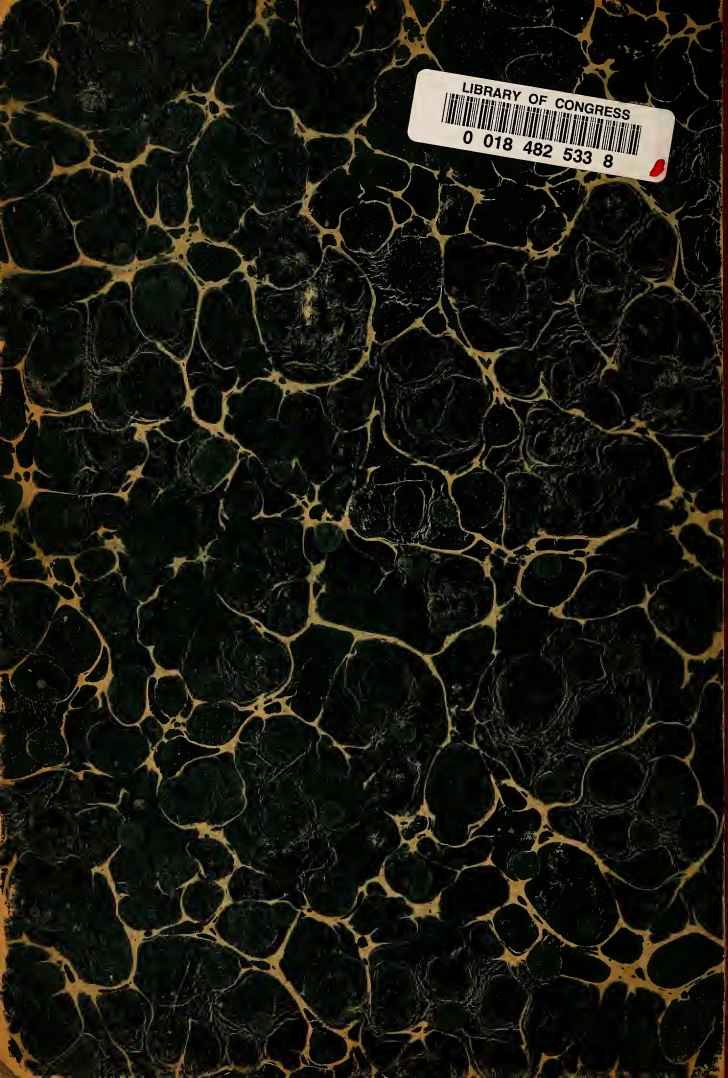
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